

OUR CITY

DADS

Have Quite a Harmonious Meeting.

Some Street Work is Ordered.

And Several Contracts Are Annulled.

THE BOARD OF ELECTION OFFICERS ARE APPOINTED—CONSTABLE BROTHERTON'S BILL AGAIN LAID OVER—PROCLAMATION TO BE PRINTED.

Board of Trustees.

When the roll was called last evening each one of the Trustees looked up with a smiling countenance as he answered to his name. This smiling business does not always indicate that during the evening everything will be serene. However, the session last night, although a long one, was passed through with less rancor than has often occurred. The lobby was well filled with well known citizens of the town who attended the meeting for various reasons. Quite a good number had an interest in the proceedings which personally concerned them. Others were there in the public interest. They are property owners and want to know just how the town's business is conducted. Should the public affairs not be conducted properly they are witnesses to that effect and do not have to depend upon the say so of others. This is the proper thing and more property owners should attend these meetings, for the Trustees are really only men who are entrusted with the power of taking money from their pockets and disbursing it in any way they may see fit.

It has a good effect upon these servants of the people for when they see a goodly number of respectable citizens in the seats listening and watching all that is going on, these trustees, to a certain extent, feel relieved of responsibility in one way and at the same time know that their efforts to do what is right by their fellow citizens will be appreciated. It produces a mutual good feeling all around. The fact of being a trustee carries a certain amount of honor with it but there are many thorns which a public officer has to tread upon and give no signs of pain. There is no doubt in the world but that the thoughts of every trustee is voiced when it can be said that "I am glad there is such a large attendance of the citizens this evening."

These thoughts were suggested while the secretary was reading the minutes of the previous meeting. On their being approved the Street Committee was called upon for a report.

The first matter to come up was a request for further time on the grading of Prospect street. Trustee Jones remarked that the work would probably be done by private contract if there was a little more time allowed to get the business in shape.

The Board took this view of the case and granted the extension asked for.

A protest had been presented against the laying of a sidewalk on

Handy street and last evening was the time set for a hearing. As no one appeared on behalf of the petition it was overruled. Mr. Whiting alone voting no.

The Alcatraz avenue matter was again brought to the front. Petitions in relation to the work on this avenue came in as thick as snow flakes fall in autumn. The contractors W. J. Schmidt and the Oakland Paving Co. presented a communication asking that they might be released from their contract. The Board consented, and then it was finally agreed that the business should be commenced anew with the proviso that all the expense heretofore incurred be paid by private parties and the town should not be liable for a single cent in the matter up to date.

It appears that there is trouble in districting this work properly so that the expenses and benefits may be properly proportioned. Some owners of property on this avenue object to any improvements whatsoever. However, after due deliberation it was thought that the best way out was to take the action as stated above and it was done.

A permit to lay a four-foot sidewalk on the west side of Fourth street, 140 feet north from Channing way by private contract was granted.

The petition of Jennie C. Williams to have a sewer laid in Benevue avenue between Parker street and Dwight way was granted.

Mr. L. Wellendorff asked permission to grade and macadamize Walnut street south of Cedar in front of his residence, the Town Engineer to give the correct grade. It was granted.

H. Swartz, who conducts a variety store on University avenue in West Berkeley, asked for a free license and it was granted.

The bonds of the following named persons for conducting saloons were approved of: H. Osterman, Frank Gimble, Frank O'Brien, Mr. Hirschfeldt, J. J. Higgins, E. Guterre, W. Peterson and H. Peters.

When the bill of Constable Brotherton came up it was concluded to lay it over for further consideration.

J. A. Marshal was granted permission to lay a cement sidewalk, by private contract, on the south side of Bancroft way from Milvia street to Shattuck avenue.

J. T. Langlais, T. Douglass and R. Flint sent in a protest against sewerage McGee avenue between Lincoln and Virginia streets. Just now it was hard to get any money and there was no immediate necessity for the sewer. The Trustees come to the conclusion that it would be best to have all matters in relation to this improvement held in abeyance for awhile and a motion to lay all things pertaining to it upon the table prevailed.

A resolution awarding a contract for work on King street from Alcatraz avenue to Fairview street was acted upon favorably.

A resolution of intention to macadamize Shattuck avenue from the old charter line to the south boundary line of Berkeley was passed. There has been more or less difficulty in getting this work through in a legal manner. It is now thought it will stick.

The Finance Committee reported favorably upon the following bills:

GENERAL FUND.	
Edward Schmidt.....	\$10 00
H. S. Crocker & Co.....	67 50
I. W. Wells.....	80 00
H. N. Marquand.....	29 70
Goodyear Rubber Co.....	56 25
Geo. N. Martin.....	5 25
Mark T. Ashby.....	1 50
Joseph McClain.....	75
ROAD FUND.	
Geo. D. Jones.....	\$19 00
J. Benning.....	37 05
J. Welch.....	37 05

There was more or less sparring about the election officers for May 13, when the first set of officers under the new charter will be elected. After all

the talk the following named persons were selected:

Ward One. Judges—M. Doyle and J. H. Rinke; inspectors—W. T. Lingard and C. Walberg; clerks—E. Berthand and J. Woodall; ballot clerks—Geo. H. Boke and J. H. Mathewson.

Ward Two. Judges—W. Cheney and J. D. Layman; inspectors—Guy H. Chick and E. S. Hall; clerks—H. Valentine and J. Edgar; ballot clerks—G. F. Reinhart and W. C. Russell.

Ward Three, first precinct. Judges—L. M. Coggin and E. T. Henderson; inspectors—J. J. Mason and W. H. Kerrison; clerks—Philo Mills and M. S. Blanchard; ballot clerks—Thomas Pringle and John E. Boyd.

Ward Three, second precinct. Judges—John Doyle and John Lovell; inspectors—F. A. Wass and A. V. Stubenrauch; clerks—T. W. Auger and A. W. Stamper; ballot clerks—David Coy and J. J. Carney.

Ward Four. Judges—J. Conlon and G. Bauer; inspectors—W. J. Wright and Hugh Keon; clerks—Charles Kierulff and A. E. Matches; ballot clerks—James Stutt and L. Koch.

Ward Five. Judges—Aug. Schnoor and J. H. Meinecke; inspectors—Redmond Stutts and J. P. Gilchrist; clerks—Mark Cole and Frank W. James; ballot clerks—Chas. R. Holton and Peter Mathews.

Ward Six. Judges—J. Mulligan and George Scott; inspectors—T. McNamara and Fred Meyer; clerks—D. McLaughlin and Fred Rawson; ballot clerks—E. Newell and J. Nixon.

Ward Seven. Judges—Ed. Brennan and N. L. Nielsen; inspectors—M. Le E. Estrange and James Curtis; clerks—Wm. Mulholland and Ed. McGee; ballot clerks—W. C. Davis and Thos. Wilson.

In the Third Ward the Trustee representing that district may make some changes in the positions from which they are printed here. In relation to printing the proclamation it was voted to have it printed in the three daily papers, GAZETTE, Advocate, and Dispatch and two weeklies, Herald and West Berkeley News.

Found Dead.

Last evening the young son of Mr. Davis, who lives at Wild Cat Creek, was looking for some stray stock, and as he was passing through a clump of brush he was horrified to find the body of an unknown man lying stark dead.

The boy was very much frightened and rushed to the house some distance away and informed Mr. Davis.

Mr. Davis viewed the remains, but could not say whose they were, so he saddled his horse and came in to Berkeley and notified Marshal Striker, who at once telephoned to the Coroner of Contra Costa county, who answered that he would come in this morning for the body. This morning he arrived and the body was removed to Martinez where an inquest will be held upon the same.

Several persons viewed the body but no one could identify the corpse. It was undoubtedly a case of suicide.

The Dog Show.

The bench show under the auspices of the Pacific Kennel Club will take place in the Mechanics Institute commencing May 8, and continuing four days until the evening of the 11th of May. Each year these exhibitions increase in interest. The exhibits improve in quality as well as quantity, and the public support is also increased in the same ratio. This year some very extra fine blooded dogs will be exhibited and every one interested in this animal of the brute creation should attend and learn the amount of attention that has been given to the teaching of canines.

Get your political printing done at the GAZETTE office with neatness and despatch and at living rates.

SOMETHING

FELL.

When C. W. Gompertz Was Asked

By Walter H. Young to Pay Him \$75.00

For 400 Votes for the Office of Town Clerk.

YOUNG DENIES THE ALLEGATION IN TOTO, BUT WITHDRAWS FROM THE FIGHT IN FAVOR OF THE PROHIBITION CANDIDATE, W. H. BONE.

It is an old saying that there is always a calm before a storm and this has been exemplified in what is now before the people of Berkeley.

During the past three weeks, notwithstanding the fact that the different conventions had placed their nominees before the public, a stranger visiting the town, and in fact the resident of town, would not have known that there was an election for city officers soon to be held, and that there were fifty or sixty candidates who desired to be elected to the various city offices.

No one thought either that a storm was brewing in the political heavens and that it was soon to break. Such was the case, however, for on Saturday last Walter H. Young, the People's party candidate for Town Clerk, took a trip to Oakland and sent word to his opponent on the Non-Partisan ticket, C. W. Gompertz, and requested an audience with him on political business.

Mr. Gompertz made an appointment with him in the back room of a certain place which he designated, the hour of meeting being 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

At the appointed time, so states Mr. Gompertz, Mr. Young made his appearance and without any preliminaries stated: "Well, Mr. Gompertz, we might just as well get down to business at once. Here is what I have got to say:

"I can and do control 400 votes in town but they are not enough to elect me and if you will pay me \$75 at once I will guarantee to turn over those 400 votes to you on election day.

"I have the People's Party nomination which I will also deliver to you at once as well as the endorsement of a secret organization."

Mr. Gompertz, who is not as green as he looks, got right down to business also and scornfully refused to have anything to do with his scheme or to pay him one cent.

Mr. Young then got angry and told Mr. Gompertz that there would be no use for him to try and expose him (Young) because it was simply one man's word against another, and that he would flatly deny that he had made a proposition to Gompertz or any other person.

As Young left the back room, Mr. Gompertz had several persons recognize him.

Mr. Gompertz has not made up his mind as yet whether he will prosecute Young or not, but on account of friends and his family he will probably let the matter drop.

Mr. Young denies the story and says that he never made an offer to anyone, but he could not be seen in time for an interview.

It seems, however, that Mr. Young was desirous of getting rid of his nomination in some way for he has now withdrawn in favor of W. H. Bone, the Prohibition Candidate, as the following card which is written over his signature will show.

Berkeley, April 29, 1895.

To the Voters of Berkeley:

I hereby withdraw from the race for Town Clerk and request my friends and the members of the People's Party, who so kindly gave me their nomination, to give their support to W. H. Bone instead of to me, as it is too late to remove my name from the ticket.

WALTER H. YOUNG.

Hearing that Mr. Young had withdrawn from the ticket in favor of W. H. Bone, a reporter of the GAZETTE called upon the latter gentleman this morning and asked him if there was any truth in the statement that he had paid Mr. Young \$35 to have him withdraw from the Clerk's fight in his favor.

Mr. Bone indignantly denied that he had paid Mr. Young any money and said: "People who know me know that I would not be a party to any such transaction, not even if I knew that it would put me right into the office. As far as Mr. Young having withdrawn in my favor, that is true,"

He came to my home last evening and told me that he had concluded not to make the race for Town Clerk, and wished to withdraw from the fight in my favor. I thanked him for his offer and told him I would gladly take his place on the ticket but thought that it was now too late to have his name removed from the ticket. He said he knew that to be the case, but that he would write a card to the public and his friends announcing his withdrawal in my favor, which he did. The card in question is published above.

This attempt to sell votes has caused quite a sensation in town, and it will take a good deal of explaining on the part of Mr. Young to explain it away. As it is now Mr. Young is out of the race for Town Clerk and the voters of the People's party and the friends of Mr. Young will cast their votes for Gompertz, Hanscom or Bone, as they see fit.

Took a Header.

During the past two or three weeks George H. Stricker who conducts the cigar store next to the corner of Center street and Shattuck avenue has been trying to learn the intricacies of the bicycle. As one of these innocent looking steeds can be rented for 25 cents per hour, George thought he would rent one until such time as he had accomplished the feat of sticking on one. The wheel lender however, upon glancing at George the first time knew that it would be useless to give him a first-class machine, for it would only come home in pieces, consequently he gave him a docile old wheel that had done duty for several years.

Mr. Stricker's first efforts were at night on the dark streets, and although he was out several nights he denied that he had ever fallen off the wheel, although his clothing looked suspiciously dusty. One day last week he essayed to take a ride in the daytime, and hieing himself to the bicycle lender he procured a much better wheel than the one he had used at nights and started down University avenue with all the grace and assurance of an old and accomplished rider.

Everything went along well until he got to Sacramento street, when observing a lady friend on the street he attempted to raise his hat to her. He

had no sooner got his hand to his head, when shocking to relate, he turned a complete somersault landing in the gutter a few feet away. The lady walked quickly up the avenue, and George, after gathering himself together, picked the gravel out of his skinned and bleeding hands and limped off toward home, pushing his wheel along by his side.

Yesterday having sufficiently recovered from his former mishap he started out again on a bran new wheel of the Crack-a-Jack make. He rode gracefully up Shattuck to University avenue and thence to San Pablo avenue where he made a turn that astonished the natives, and Ed Donnelly who was admiring his graceful riding, George smiled to himself as he returned over the route he had traveled and upon reaching Shattuck avenue he sailed down to Dwight way where he made a turn around the station that would have astonished Foss or Monk, the famous stage drivers, and started back up the avenue. About this time the ever present small boy came along and challenged George to a race. George accepted the challenge and in a second his pipe-stem legs were going up and down like the notices recently posted by Marshal Striker at the foot of Bancroft way. In a few moments however his wheel began to wobble, and quicker than one could tell it Mr. Stricker was pirouetting through the air like a tumbler pigeon. When he picked himself up he found he had lost considerable skin off his hands and had numerous bruises on other portions of his anatomy. He gave the small boy a quarter to brush him off and take the bicycle home, and another quarter to say nothing about it. The boy told the story in strict confidence to the reporter, who has never opened his mouth about it, but has simply put upon paper what occurred.

Leave your orders for the Berkeley Steam Laundry at Kelsey's Drug Store.

The editors of the Blue and Gold recently issued were in a high state of excitement yesterday over the report that the faculty had instituted an investigation and proposed to suspend some of the editors for the publication of matter reflecting upon some of the instructors. The articles objected to were jokes, but the victims of them complained that they were vindictive and malicious. The faculty will decide definitely in the matter today.

The senior-class committee of the University in charge of the commencement festivities have about agreed upon the programme. Saturday, May 11th, will be class day. There will be an ivy planting and band concert in the forenoon and a Grecian spectacle in the afternoon. The senior ball will be on the evening of May 13th and the following Wednesday, May 15th, will be graduation day. Invitations for class day will be issued tomorrow.

The Berkeleyan stock company yesterday held its semi-annual meeting. A new board of directors consisting of H. H. Hirst, '96, F. W. Koch '96, J. G. Howell '96, G. H. Whipple '97 and G. F. Reinhardt '97 was chosen. H. H. Hurst was elected editor-in-chief for the next term and J. G. Howell business manager.

John T. Hills, a bloated capitalist of San Francisco says he keeps a diary which gives a history of all the sprees he goes upon. He calls it his "toot" book. From the use of the term it is judged that he must have come from some place East of Boston.

When is that grand flourish committee appointed to interview the Valley Railroad Directors going to make its report. It is time that work on the railroad shops in Berkeley should be commenced.

THE GAZETTE.

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BY THE

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TUESDAY, APRIL 30, 1895.

POLITICAL candidates are beginning to stir around a little. It is pretty nearly time if they expect to be elected.

CLARA MORRIS has become a communicant of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Yonkers, New York. For a long time she has been desirous of connecting herself with the Episcopal Church.

THE offer of W. H. Young to sell votes is one of the cheapest that we have ever heard of. Just think of votes being peddled about for less than 19 cents apiece, and in lots of four hundred, too.

A CABLE special from St. Petersburg states that owing to the refusal of Japan to accede to the demands of Russia, France and Germany, in regard to the retention of the Liao Tong peninsula, it is most probable that Russia will at once declare a blockade of Japanese ports.

AMONG the exhibitors of the year's exhibition of pictures at the old salon in the Champs Elysees in France, which opens on the first day of May, are Jules Pages and Miss Klumpke of San Francisco. The former's picture is catalogued as "Corner in a kitchen at Montmartre" and the latter has an exhibit named "A genre scene in Melita." Both are well spoken of and have to be of merit to get a place.

It would be well for the wealthy men of the country to divide up their wealth before they die and to personally see that their beneficiaries get what was intended for them. Under present conditions every will that is filed for probate is contested, notwithstanding the fact that they are drawn in the most careful manner and by men whose business ability has never been doubted. The latest since the Fair will is that of Jerome B. Cox, who died a few days ago. It looks very much as though the laws in reference to wills were made in favor of lawyers.

THE people of Oakland made no mistake when they elected John L. Davis Mayor of the city, and if they will only follow him they will have one of the finest cities on the coast. He now proposes to bond the city for \$1,000,000 for the purpose of improving the streets of the city, the bonds to be sold as the money is needed. This would give a large number of men employment and the interest on individuals would be so small that they would never notice it. Such a move should be made in Berkeley. An issue of \$100,000 would make Berkeley the gem of the bay.

JOHN W. FLOOD, the ex-cashier of the Donohue-Kelly bank, who has been under arrest for the past two or three years on a charge of stealing \$164,000 from the bank, plead guilty to one of the charges against him yesterday. The chances are that he will receive a very light sentence and that he will then be pardoned. This may be justice but it looks more like a travesty on justice. There are men who have stolen small amounts to keep from starving, and they were tried and convicted and sentenced to long terms in the penitentiary. There will never be a chance to stop crime if it is not first stopped in the high places and it will never be stopped in the high places until the rogues that steal the thousands are convicted and sentenced to serve long terms and when in prison are shown no favors.

THE officials and employees of the city of Oakland feel bad, very bad. They have not paid their poll tax for years and this year Assessor Dalton informed them that he wanted it. They refused to pay and he garnished their wages. They then, with the assistance of the Auditor, announced that they would fight the matter in the Courts,

but they found that when they got to the Treasurer's office with their warrants, the Assessor was there to levy upon the money as it was counted out to them, as they gracefully accepted the situation and now the county is several hundred dollars better off. Assessor Dalton states that he will see now that the employees of the county pay their poll tax also.

SCANDALOUS IF TRUE.

It was made known to the public yesterday that Walter H. Young, who is the People's Party candidate for Town Clerk, had called upon Charles Gompertz, the Non-Partisan nominee, and offered him 400 votes if he would pay him \$75 for the same. These votes he would procure from the People's Party and the A. P. A. and would also secure Mr. Gompertz the endorsements of these organizations. Mr. Gompertz refused to be a party to any such transaction, whereupon Mr. Young stated that there was no use in trying to expose him, as it was only one man's word against another. Mr. Gompertz had Young identified, however, as he left the office and will, in all probability, swear out a warrant for his arrest, something which should be done without delay in case it is true, for the choice of the people should not be jeopardized by the sale of votes, although we do not believe that Mr. Young would have been able to deliver the goods.

In any event, however, he should be punished if he has made such an offer to Mr. Gompertz, and knowing Mr. Gompertz as well as we do we feel inclined to believe that his statement that Young made him the proposition to sell him votes is true and that the public will accept it as true. We are sorry for Mr. Young as we have known him for some time, and did not believe that he was so green as to approach such a man as Mr. Gompertz on such a proposition. He surely was alone in the matter for neither the People's Party nor the secret organization that he refers to would countenance anything of the kind, and they will also investigate the charges made against him and if found true, will expel him from their organizations.

The Unitarian Society of Berkeley has named the following delegates to represent it at the Unitarian conference which opens in San Jose tomorrow: Rev. E. B. Payne, Professor Putzker, W. A. Payson, Charles Keeler, J. L. Scotchler, Mrs. R. Buhm, Mrs. G. H. Howison, Mrs. Mary Smith, Mrs. Nettie Chase and Mrs. Dr. Grover.

NOTICE.

Parties so desiring can always call up the GAZETTE by telephone. Telephone No. 33, six bells, West Berkeley. The office in East Berkeley will for the time being be located in the same office with the Western Union Telegraph Company.

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BABY'S LOGIC.

Today I asked my mamma if I could widdle.
Yes, I did.
"Oh, no, my little," said she, "you're too little."
So she did.
But Tom stepped so hard right on my toe,
I cried, I did.
She said, "Oh, you're too big a girl to cry out so."
That's what she did.
Why can't I cry if I am little?
Oh, if I'm big, why can't I widdle?
—St. Louis Republic.

HIS LAST BLAST.

Slug canyon, Sierra county, has always been famous for the number and size of its golden nuggets. The canyon heads among the huge skyward towering mountains that rise on the south side of the North Yuba, into which river it empties its waters just before the lower end of the famous old mining town of Downieville. In 1852 a son of Erin named Mike Maroney had a placer claim on this canyon of nests of golden eggs, which in his opinion was nothing less than the secret storehouse of the "Goblins of the Golden Mountains."

Mike's claim was not in the present or modern channel of the canyon, but upon a bench above it, where was a channel that had been formed by the stream in ancient times. In this old upper channel stood a boulder of enormous size, a granite rock as big as a cathedral. Mike was undoubtedly attracted to the particular piece of bench ground on which he staked out his claim by the immense size of the boulder lodged upon it, a rock so large it seemed to be a pinnacle broken from the top of one of the overhanging mountains. He in some way got it into his head that in the old channel, at the point where he had staked out his claim, was gold proportionate to the size of the rock and in keeping with the difficulties to be overcome.

The boulder stood in the lower end of the old channel, which it blocked completely from wall to wall. To blast it out and get into and work the channel seemed a herculean task. Many a miner had looked the ground over and departed with a howl, after a careful survey of the rock, before Mike Maroney set his stakes on the ancient channel. All thought well of the ground, but feared to attack the "giant" that stood in the way.

Mike built a small cabin on a bench of the canyon above high water mark and settled down in full sight of the enemy he had determined to conquer. Alone and single handed he mounted the great granite rock and began drilling and blasting it. The work was hard, and the work went on slowly, but he was always to be seen hammering and banging away at the task he had undertaken. All the miners passing up and down the canyon halted for a word with Mike. They admired his pluck and cheered him on by telling him that under the boulder and behind it he would find enough gold to lead a train of half a dozen mules.

Mike was a small man as to height, standing less than 5 feet in his boots, but he was immensely broad across the shoulders, and in strength was a little Samson. Altogether he was a curiously constructed creature. He had a head big enough for a six footer. His mouth seemed the result of a slash of a cleaver, and he wore it with one corner drawn up toward his left ear in a very knowing way. On his broad flat face was stuck a short stump of a nose with vast cavernous nostrils. Add to these features a pair of enormous ears, little black eyes that twinkled beneath an overhanging wrag of brow, then top out the whole with a thatch of coal black hair the size of a haystack, and you see Mike Maroney as he appeared mounted upon his big rock with drill and hammer in hand. Seen thus he might well have passed for the king of the gnomes, just popped up from the chambers of his golden caverns for a mouthful of sunshine and a peep at the upper world.

Mike was nearly two years in blasting out his great boulder. When he first began, such was his enthusiasm that he thought he would make short work of it, but after he had been engaged upon it about three months he began to understand more clearly the nature of the task he had undertaken. His stock of provisions was exhausted, and he lacked money with which to procure a new supply; also he could no longer obtain powder, fuse and other supplies on credit. It came evident that he must have money, or he would be obliged to stop work on the boulder.

In this strait he went up into the town of Downieville and explained the situation to a number of friends. All knew Mike's claim, and all had faith in it, for the old channel with the big rock in its mouth had been the talk of all the Slug canyon miners long before Mike set his stakes there. Therefore he found it a less difficult business than he had anticipated to raise money with which to proceed. Half a dozen friends became his backers, telling him to go ahead and call upon them as often as he needed money. They would take the chances of his finding enough gold to make them all right once the big boulder had been conquered.

Again Mike set to work in high spirits. He told his backers that in two or three months more he would have utterly demolished the big rock, but when that time had passed the work seemed only fairly begun. After Mike had been at work for about a year and a half the men who were "putting up" for him began to grow tired of the whole business and did not come out with their coin so cheerfully as at first, and they asked rather anxiously in regard to the progress being made.

In order to cheer them up Mike would say: "Byes, I do be knocking the old rock to smithereens. I've got her so weakened now that she shakin' with my blast!"

money, and he then began to say, "One more blast, byes, and I've got her!" This went on so long that it became a byword in Downieville. Everywhere it was, "One more blast, byes, and I've got her!" Mike's backers laughed with the others and put up the money he asked for.

All things have an end, however, and when Mike's "last blast" shattered the huge slab, constituting the sole remnant of the once enormous boulder, he went to the base of the mass and began working under it with his pick. On a sudden the big block began to topple over. Mike dropped his pick and retreated with the rock following him on a steep down grade. The situation was such that in order to escape being crushed to death Mike was obliged to leap into the canyon.

Owing to a spring freshet, the canyon was at the time a roaring torrent. Therefore his leap was almost as that proverbial one from the frying pan. He was swept down the canyon about 200 yards till almost at the verge of the old channel of some 80 feet, when he had the good fortune to grasp the top of an overhanging bush and drag himself ashore.

Mike escaped with a few slight cuts and bruises and the loss of his hat. These, however, were matters that did not trouble him. All his thoughts were of the spot whence he had just tumbled down the steep last fragment of the big boulder. Thither his mind ran faster than his legs were able to travel, though the latter soon landed him at the spot where he had so long and faithfully labored.

Looking down into the bed of that last huge slab of granite which had seemed to leap forth and chase him into the canyon, Mike beheld a large disk of pure and glittering gold. It was a piece of the precious metal about the size and shape of a dinner plate. He waited to see no more. Leaping down into the hole, he grasped the golden prize, which looked to him as big as the face of the full moon, and then at once made a break for Downieville to find his backers, show them the gold and tell them the great news of the final annihilation of the big rock.

Mike was wild as a hawk. In his hands he held a mass of gold that weighed nearly 20 pounds, and as he dashed down Slug canyon with his prize he shouted at every jump: "That last blast fetched her! That last blast fetched her!" Thus shouting as he tore down the canyon, he passed several claims where miners were at work, but he halted at none of these for a single moment.

"Mike Maroney has gone crazy about his big boulder!" cried the miners on seeing him running bareheaded down the canyon trail. At some of the claims the passed men threw down their tools, and scrambling up the bank of the stream to the trail called out after him, but the only answer they received was, "That last blast fetched her!"

When Mike reached Downieville and started up the middle of the town, hatless, dripping wet, shouting and carrying before him his golden prize, he soon had a crowd at his heels. He paid no attention to the crowd, but when he saw on either side of the street miners of his acquaintance he shouted to them in passing: "Byes, that last blast fetched her! There's a whole bushel of gold under the bottom thought!"

Strangers in the town heard they saw before them a crazy man, but every resident of the place knew Mike, and soon along the street was raised the cry: "Mike Maroney has struck it at last! He's knocked the devil out of his boulder and got a chunk of gold bigger'n a fryin' pan!"

Hearing this news, others shouted, "Hurrah for Maroney and his 'last blast!'"

"Yis, hurrah, byes!" cried Mike, who felt himself in the seventh heaven of glory. "Hurrah, for this munit I'm the pride of the wurld!"

By the time Mike had found some of the friends who had for so long backed him with their coin and had displayed his big nugget there was a grand excitement in the camp. Some said he had found an old channel paved with nuggets as big as cobblestones, and others that great slabs of gold covered the bed-rock.

Mike told his friends that, though he had only stopped long enough to catch up the first big nugget he saw, he was sure there was a whole bushel of gold in the nest of the big boulder. With the sample brought in by Mike lying before them all were ready to believe that he had made the "strike" of the age. Every man who heard of Mike's find said he always felt sure that there were "mule loads" of gold under the big boulder of Slug canyon.

As soon as Mike's backers had collected their wits, scattered by the sight of the big nugget and his wild story of bushels of gold in sight, they dropped everything and prepared to go at once to the scene of the strike. With the elated Maroney in the lead they set out, taking with them a pack mule that happened to be at hand. They were joined by a number of idlers as they passed through the town, and in going up Slug canyon the crowd was increased by the miners at the several claims who desired to feast their eyes upon what by this had grown to be "Mike Maroney's mound of gold."

At last, when the sun was just sinking behind the western mountains, the party came struggling back to town. They were a dejected looking crowd and were about to give up the search for gold when they were arrested by the sight of a mule load of gold.

backers were particularly gloomy and snappish. As for Mike himself, he was nowhere to be seen.

Finally the tongues of some of the disinterested idlers who had gone out with the party were loosened through the administration of copious doses of stimulants. They then said squarely and frankly that Mike had found nothing at all. The nest of Mike's big boulder was empty. In the smooth and soft bed of the rock they found the spot where Mike's "golden moon" had lain and saw his tracks beside it, but not a single nugget was in sight. Then they dug into the edge of the old channel and found it barren and smooth as the bottom of an iron kettle.

"What has become of Mike?" asked some one.

"Ah, poor Mike! Well, we are afraid he is in a bad way. As soon as he found that there were no nuggets in sight and was told that he had merely imagined them he took on the color of a corpse. He reeled about, paved the air, and then, with a howl such as I never want to hear again, ran off to his cabin and locked himself up in it. As he couldn't be induced to come out, two men were left to watch him, for he is evidently upset in the upper story. No one can get anything out of him but mutterings about his last blast."

The next day Mike was brought into the town for medical examination. The doctors said his mental derangement was of a nature so mild and harmless that he might safely be allowed to remain in his cabin. Indeed, at times he seemed for a moment or two to get back his senses. One of his friends happening to speak of his mother and his people in Ireland, he at once broke out with: "Byes, I don't care so much myself for the trouble and whorlin' in me maid, but I do be thinkin' of the poor old mother back across the water. What will become of her and of them all, widout the money I promised to send?"

It was in vain they spoke of the big nugget he had found, telling him he should have it and do with it what he pleased. He would hear of nothing of the kind. That belonged to the men who had put up their money for him. His gold was still under the big boulder, where he had fired his last blast. He had seen it once, and he would see it again and get it.

The men who had backed Mike—half a dozen in number—ascertained the address of his widowed mother from men who had known him at home, and selling the big nugget, which proved to be worth \$3,600, sent her a check for the amount.

Mike shut himself up in his cabin and was seldom seen outside of it during the daylight hours. Men mining on the canyon, however, reported that he was in the habit of prowling about at night. They said they had frequently seen a light up at his claim very late at night just at the spot where he had demolished the big boulder. Upon investigation by a friend, it was found that Mike had got into his head that the pile of gold he had seen had been sunk deep into the ground by an evil spirit. However, he would yet get it, as one night each month at midnight—he did not know what night—all the big nuggets came up to their old nest under the boulder. All he had to do to beat the goblin that had lived under the big rock was to be on the watch and shout when the gold appeared, "Mine, in the name of the Blessed Virgin."

Though he wanted nothing to do with any, yet he was always peering out from the chinks of his cabin, watching those who passed by. When any one came along the trail, he would pop his head out at his door and utter his new war cry of "Mine, in the name of the Blessed Virgin." Seeing that the life he was leading was making him worse, his friends on the canyon tried to get him out of his cabin, offering him big wages to work in their claims. All was useless, however, until one day a man happened to say he had a big boulder in his diggings he wanted blasted out. Instantly Mike pricked up his ears and was all attention. He was ready to set to work upon the boulder at once.

Being given a trial, it was found that he was able to work as well and intelligently as ever at drilling and blasting. While engaged in that work he seemed quite sane, but he could not be induced to do anything in the mines except blast boulders. For that business he seemed to have a perfect mania and could accomplish nearly as much in a day as two ordinary men. Battling with the boulders was seen to brighten him up wonderfully, and he was given all the work he could do in his favorite line by the friendly miners up and down Slug canyon.

One day after Mike had been for some months working at work of extermination against the boulders of Slug canyon his friends up in Downieville had a big surprise. All unheralded and unexpected, the "Widly Maroney," with a raft of tall and burly men, landed in their midst, fresh from the "ould sod." They had come to make their home in America "and look after poor Motik." Marriageable girls being at that time in great demand, the family were heartily welcomed and well provided for at once. It was then so contrived that Mike was suddenly brought into the midst of the whole crowd without a hint being given him beforehand that his mother and sisters were in the country. The surprise so shook him up mentally that the balanced wheel in his head at once started up and moved along as smoothly and regularly as ever.

Soon the family were comfortably settled at Downieville, and Mike with them. His last blast had not been so very disastrous after all. It had not only fetched the big boulder, but had also fetched all his people out to America to a good home, and the raft of boulders going to where they all soon captured good husbands, three among whom had been Mike's backers, and helped pay for the powder expended in blasting his "golden moon." —Don de Quilla in San Francisco Examiner.

HENRY R. PATTERSON, AUGUST VOLLMER.

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Office hours from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m. Free clinic to the poor every Thursday from 10 to 12.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR TRUSTEE
SEVENTH WARD
M. J. ACTON.
Regular Nominee Non Partisan Convention.

FOR TRUSTEE
SIXTH WARD
BYRON E. UNDERWOOD,
Independent 'Taxpayers' and Non-Partisan Nominee

FOR TRUSTEE
SEVENTH WARD
JOHN J. HIGGINS.
SAMUEL HEYWOOD
Prohibition and Taxpayers' Nominee
TRUSTEE 7TH WARD.

FOR ASSESSOR
TOWN OF BERKELEY
ISAAC W. WELLS
(PRESENT INCUMBENT.)

FOR TOWN MARSHAL
J. W. STRIKER,
Regular Nominee of the Non-Partisan Convention.
ELECTION, MAY 13, 1895.

FOR TOWN CLERK
CHAS. W. GOMPERTZ,
Regular Nominee of the Non-Partisan Convention.
ELECTION, MAY 13, 1895.

M. L. HANSCOM
Announces himself as a
Candidate for Town Clerk.
JOHN SQUIRES
Hereby announces himself as a candidate for the office of
TOWN TREASURER.

You'll have a Fit
AND BE SATISFIED
If you have your Clothes made by
Brown & McKinnon
THE FASHIONABLE TAILORS
OF OAKLAND

Finest Workmanship. Perfect Fitting.
Lowest Prices.
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EAST SIDE OF BROADWAY
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Bank Building, Berkeley, Cal.
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TOWN OFFICERS:
TRUSTEES—W. C. Jones, M. J. Acton, N. T. Whiting, V. Stubenrauch, Charles Hadlen.

SCHOOL DIRECTORS—G. M. Robertson, P. R. Boone, J. W. Richards, B. F. Bergen, H. W. Taylor, Ed. F. Niehaus.

CLERK—C. S. Preble.

ATTORNEY—Thos. F. Graber.

MARSHAL—J. W. Striker.

ASSESSOR—I. W. Wells.

ENGINEER—Charles L. Huggins.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE—E. H. Shaw, East Berkeley; C. R. Lord, West Berkeley.

CONSTABLES—T. G. Botherton, East Berkeley; Con. Newell, West Berkeley.

GAZETTELETS.

Call on E. H. Driggs for your oil and gasoline stoves. He will suit you in prices.

If you want a nice suit of clothes call on Mikkelsen & Berry, 2124 Center street, Berkeley. All kinds of repairing done.

If you want window glass of any size, numbers, lawn mowers, any kind of outlery, in fact for anything in the hardware line, call upon SCHMITT & ZERNER in Shattuck Block, and you can get them to suit.

Get your watches, clocks and jewelry repaired at R. A. Curry's, formerly Scott's, 2124 Center street, Berkeley. Diamonds, watches and jewelry of all kinds on hand. Work guaranteed.

Madame Kohne, midwife and ladies' nurse, has removed from 1912 Fifth street, to Eighth street, between University avenue and Addison street.

Call at the Dwight Way Station Barber Shop, near Shattuck avenue. First-class attendance.
FRED. CHAMPAONE,
2124 Dwight Way.

OFFICE OF THE
Assessor of Alameda County.
Poll Tax Notice.

OAKLAND, March 4, 1895.
PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the State Poll Tax of Two Dollars for the year 1895 is now due and payable at my office, Room 1, Court House, or to a deputy assessor.
Sec. 3839 of the Political Code reads as follows:
Every mail inhabitant of the State, over twenty-one and under 60 years of age, except paupers, insane persons and Indians, not taxed, must annually pay a poll tax of two dollars, provided the same be paid between the first Monday in March and the first Monday in July, then it shall be three dollars.

Sec. 3846 of the Political Code makes it the duty of the Assessor to "demand Poll Tax of every person liable therefor, and on the neglect or refusal of such persons to pay, he must collect by seizure and sale of any personal property owned by such person."
Under sections 429 to 434 every person who refuses to give his own name or the name of any person in his employ, or who in any manner obstructs the Assessor or any of his deputies in the collection of the State Poll Tax, is guilty of a misdemeanor, and liable to a fine of \$500 or imprisonment in the County Jail, or both such fine and imprisonment.

Only those persons under twenty-one of over sixty years of age are exempt. Poll Tax must be paid on demand.

Henry P. Dalton,
Assessor of Alameda County.

OFFICE OF THE
Assessor of Alameda County.
NOTICE TO TAX PAYERS.

OAKLAND, March 4, 1895.

ALL PERSONS, as firms, company, corporations and associations are required to deliver at the Assessor's office, at the Court House, City of Oakland, County of Alameda, immediately, a statement under oath of all property, both real and personal, owned, or claimed by him, her or them, or in their possession or held in trust for others, at 12 o'clock MARCH, 1895, in accordance with the constitution.

Refusal or neglect to make a sworn statement of all the property owned or held in trust, will subject the person so refusing or neglecting to make such sworn statements to the full penalty of the law—one hundred dollars fine and guilty of a misdemeanor.

All persons owning real estate that has heretofore been assessed in the wrong name on the real estate assessment book, or who have purchased real estate within the last year, are requested to appear with their deeds, at the Assessor's office, and have the proper changes made for the year 1895. Immediate attention is necessary, as work on the book has already been commenced.

Proper blanks may be obtained at the Assessor's office.

Henry P. Dalton,
Assessor of Alameda County.

Miss Lillie Hansen
FASHIONABLE
Dressmaker & Milliner,

2130 Shattuck Ave., Up Stairs.

Millinery and Trimming of hats and bonnets a specialty. Be sure and call upon me.

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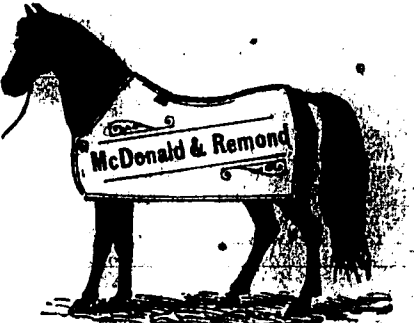
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2118 SHATTUCK AVE., Berkeley
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Subscribe for the "Gazette."

The Story of Brescia.

The little town of Bordighera, in Italy, has furnished the Easter palms at Rome since the year 1856. How the palm was obtained by Brescia, the brave old sea captain, is a curious story. Standing with the crowd in the open place before the cathedral of St. Peter's, he was gazing with breathless interest at the workmen engaged in erecting the Egyptian obelisk. So momentous and difficult a task was this regarded that Pope Sixtus V forbade any one to utter a loud word during the operation on pain of death.

All went well until the massive stone column reached a certain angle, when, to the horror of the multitude and the despair of the engineer, it ceased to move. Various expedients were resorted to, without avail, and all seemed lost, when suddenly a voice broke the silence, saying:

"Aiga. Dai de l'aiga se cordel!" ("Water. Give water to the ropes!")

This suggestion, which came from the old sailor, was quickly acted upon. The obelisk slowly righted itself and was successfully raised to the position it now occupies.

When the trembling Brescia was brought a prisoner before the pope for punishment, the latter not only pardoned the offense, but offered to grant him any reasonable request. The unselfish soul of the man showed itself when, instead of petitioning for some personal preferment, he begged that the right of furnishing the palms for Easter should be bestowed upon his family and the villagers of Bordighera, his birthplace. The request was granted and is respected to this day.—Our Dumb Animals.

The local trains will run half hourly all day tomorrow.

Governor Budd and his staff will occupy seats in the Grand Stand at the Oakland Trotting Park tomorrow.

The election proclamation will appear in the GAZETTE within a few days. Look out for it.

Geo. W. Stricker will not turn out in the bicycle parade this evening, for as a horseman and a cyclist he has not proven a success.

A large number of bicyclists from Berkeley will take part in the illuminated parade in Oakland this evening. It is estimated that there will be 4000 wheelmen in line.

There were sixteen contracts for new buildings in the county filed during the past week and six of these were from Berkeley and represented over \$20,000. Pretty good showing.

The baseball team have elected Johnson, '96 to captain the nine next year. He has played with the varsity every year since he entered college three years ago.

Nicaragua must put up, and the sooner she disgorge that \$75,000 the better it will be for her. It is only a Democratic administration that would allow any foreign government to invade any soil of the American continent.

The Associated Students of the University have chosen the following officers for next year: Friend, '96 president; McCulloch, '96, secretary; Lippitt, '96, treasurer; and an executive committee. Koch '96, Chestnut '97 and Barnes '98.

CASH GROCERY STORE.

DANIEL DUGGAN, Proprietor.
Corner Third and Rose Sts, Berkeley.

—DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF—

Fresh & Choice Groceries

A First-class Bar in Connection with the store.

NOTICE.

Dissolution of Partnership.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the Co-partnership heretofore existing between Edward Brennan and Hugh McDonald is hereby and this day dissolved by mutual consent. All debts owing to said co-partnership to be paid to Edward Brennan, who will continue the business of the firm to-wit: The Grocery Business, near the northeast corner of University and San Pablo avenues. That all debts owing by said firm will be paid by Edward Brennan.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our names and seals, this 19th day of April, 1895.

ED. BRENNAN.
HUGH McDONALD.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 19th day of April 1895.

GEORGE SCHMIDT,
Notary Public in and for Alameda County, State of California, ap 191 m

NOTICE.

Dissolution of Partnership.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between R. L. Agers and John J. K. Koughan, under the firm name and style of R. L. Agers & Co., near the corner of Dwight way and Telegraph avenue, in the Town of Berkeley, Alameda County, California, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

All bills payable and receivable will be attended to at the former place of business of said firm.

Dated Berkeley, April 1, 1895.

ALL FOOLS' DAY FUN.

SOME OF THE CUSTOMS OF THE MERRY ANNIVERSARY.

Stories Alleging the Origin of the Day. Napoleon Married on the 1st of April. The Scotch Have Great Times With the Gowk—The Grocer Kicks Up.

"The compliments of the season to my worthy masters and a merry 1st of April to us all," wrote the genial and gentle Charles Lamb.

He further goes on to say: "I will confess a truth—I love a fool as naturally as if he were kith and kin to me, and, take my word for it and say a fool told you, that he who has not a dram of folly in his mixture hath pounds of much worse matter in his composition."

Very few men are willing to embark in a new enterprise on April 1, and marriages are rarely solemnized on that day. One that has a historical record is that of Napoleon I with Maria Louise, which cannot be said to have furnished an example calculated to bring the day into favor. The French people attached much significance to the choice of that day by Napoleon. Like all Frenchmen, the emperor was susceptible to ridicule, and it is hard to understand how he gave the Parisians an opportunity to deride his marriage day, which they did most effectually, a theme which was important at that time to both Napoleon and his dynasty and called attention to his daring revocation of the laws in his second marriage.

Shakespeare, who, like Lamb, loved a fool, does not once allude to the custom of keeping April 1 as All Fools' day. Indeed he only mentions April 1 once in his plays, and that is in connection with a tragic incident when King John is informed:

"The 1st of April died your noble mother."

That the custom was in vogue at that time in France is established, but there is no absolute certainty of the time when it was introduced into England.

Some pretend to date the custom back to the Feast of Fools, a kind of saturnalia popular in the middle ages. Its chief object was to honor the ass, on which the Saviour made his entry into Jerusalem. Processions of fools accompanied the central figure, and whenever the animal brayed they imitated it. As similar tricks are played at the Hull festival, there must be another solution of its origin. It is claimed by other historians that the observance of the day dates from 1564, when New Year's day was changed to Jan. 1, leaving the 1st of April, which had been the date of the new year, without service, and it became a burlesque anniversary.

An old legend tells a pretty story of the disappearance of an eastern prince on this day. His subjects mourned him sincerely, and every year on the day of his mysterious disappearance sent out the children of the kingdom to search for him, and they turned the day into one of merrymaking.

The story got abroad and reached Japan. From thence by story tellers it was hurled into the islands of the western world. And so the legend of two thousand years The cause of April All Fools' day appears.

In Scotland the April fool is called a gowk, and in France an April fish. In England the day is always observed as an opportunity for getting off practical jokes on the public. On the 1st of April, 1860, a complimentary card was sent out generally inviting people to an entertainment at the Tower of London. These cards read:

Admit the bearer to view the washing of The White Lions On the 1st of April at 12 precisely. Admitted only at the White Gate.

All London was in an uproar. Cabs rattled about all the forenoon. April 1 came that year on Sunday, and the trick was the most successful and the least harmful of any hoax ever perpetrated on so large a scale. Many went away satisfied that the show was genuine, but that they had missed it by not finding the white gate.

The Scotch gowk is a rather interesting feature of the day in that country. The gowk is a boy or rustic who is sent on an impossible errand and bade to run all the way. If he is bright, he will discover the joke and pass it on to another, until half a dozen have been enlisted in "hunting the gowk." A rhyme of the occasion is this:

Rin for your mither, boy, rin, rin, rin. The eggs are ready, but she hasn't a bin. And if you wait till the eggs grow cool Then all your life you'll be April fool.

The best joke of all is when a man refuses to believe the truth on that day. A Londoner was told that his house was on fire, but he recalled the fact that it was All Fools' day.

"Oh, yes," he answered, "I can see it burn!" and the house had really burned to the ground before he could be made to believe it was not a joke.

A boy who was playing truant on the 1st of April was warned by his chums that his father was coming.

"Aw, come off," he said; "you can't fool me on no 1st of April!"

But when he felt his father's hand on his coat collar and received the weight of a hickory stick on his shoulders he wondered who was the April fool.

Fool confectionery is one of the modern attempts at a joke. Cake stuffed with cotton batting is baked with an inviting exterior and sent to friends. Candies doused with red pepper, sugar mixed with salt, caramels made with liberal quantities of snuff and similar jokes are worked off on the unsuspecting.

Every kind of trick is resorted to by the grocer on that day to get even with the unprofitable customer who tastes from every box and barrel in the store. Salt is mixed with molasses to make it resemble brown sugar, raisins are sprinkled with kerosene, figs filled with red pepper and imitation crackers substituted for the genuine. Loaded cigars are left conspicuously handy, and chewing tobacco is generously doctored with quinine. These and a hundred other schemes of folly carry out the design of the day.—Detroit Free Press.

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THE SKIN OF ANIMALS.

In Some It Is a Defensive Armor Made of Horn and Bone.

Osteologist Lucas of the National museum is preparing a new exhibit, which is designed to show the various modifications of the skin of animals.

To begin with, there will be a queer sort of alligator from South America, called the "jacari." It is quite different from any alligator from North America, belonging to a peculiar genus that has bony plates on the under side as well as on the upper side of the body. This is a distinguishing mark of the tribe, such alligators as are known elsewhere in the world being thus armored only on their backs. The armor plates of the alligators are of true bone—this same sort of bone as that of the animal's skeleton.

If you will examine the skin on the back of your hand, you will find that it is corrugated and broken up with fine lines in such a way that you can easily imagine its texture transformed by exaggeration into scales. Now, you have only to gaze upon an armadillo in order to see such a modification of the skin. In Africa is found a yet more curious animal, called the "Manis macrura," which is the most scaly of all scaly beasts. From the tip of its nose to the end of a very long tail it is clad in big horny scales that overlap one another. When alarmed, it curls itself up into a tight ball, and the scales being quite sharp it is pretty safe against attack. In this case also the scales are only modified skin. It is worth mentioning, by the way, that the Manis macrura possesses a greater number of vertebrae than any other mammal.

Mr. Lucas will show in the same case with the jacari and the armadillo, a "soboltopasia." This is a lizard from Sicily. The casual observer would take it for a snake, its legs being rudimentary and concealed beneath its skin. The entire body of the reptile is covered with little plates of bone. As in the case of the alligator, above described, the bony plates of the lizard are merely modified skin. The same is true of the very remarkable "boxfish" of the West Indies, which is clad in a complete armor of six sided plates of bone, which are fastened to the skull and to the bases of the dorsal and anal fins. An odd point about this fish is that it cannot bend its body at all, the vertebrae, save only three or four near the tail, being fused together. Thus the backbone is a solid rod.

The scales of the armadillo are of bone, covered with horn, the bone and the horn corresponding respectively to the true skin and the epidermis of a human being or other animal. Bony plates and spines are modifications of the true skin, while horn is modified epidermis. Human beings sometimes develop horns, but they are abnormal growths. Another queer fish that will be shown in connection with this exhibit is the "globefish," which is found in waters off the coast of South Carolina. It is clad in an armor of interlocked spines, which are made to stand erect at the will of the animal, thus rendering the latter an unattractive morsel to swallow. In a world like this, where every living creature is the prey and food of others, animals are often obliged to put on coats of mail if they would survive.

Mr. Lucas will make fur and feathers a part of the exhibit. Feathers and hair are the same thing, differently modified, of course. A stuffed and fretful porcupine will illustrate the fact that mammals as well as birds have quills. This is true of several species of mammals, notably the European hedgehog, which is a disagreeable creature to handle without gloves. Awhile ago there were a couple of porcupines in the zoological collection in the rear of the Smithsonian institution. One of them assailed an attendant and stuck about 80 of its quills into his leg. He (the attendant, not the porcupine) told a writer for The Star that the quills came out of the porcupine much more easily than they came out of his leg.—Washington Star.

One Chicago Millionaire.

To see him at the race track, for instance, leaning against the fence watching the animals come out for the preliminary contest, no one would suspect that he owned the favorite and a whole stable full of other cracker jacks, and that he had several thousand dollars at stake.

If some nervous man who had just played \$5 on the favorite should ask him what he thought of the chance of winning, he would merely chuckle and say, "Y' can't tell a thing about it."

His clothes are so plain, and he has such a farmerish way of whittling or else chewing at straws, that he is overlooked in the ordinary assemblage or mistaken for some humble personage.

In his business office he does not occupy a separate apartment, the door of which is guarded by a private secretary.

His desk is the same as that of an employee. One day a woman book agent came in and importuned the old gentleman to purchase some books.

"My girl," he said, "I'm a poor Irishman, and I've had to work all my life. I can't read a word."

Thereafter when the agent came in she always avoided the poor old man who couldn't read, to the intense amusement of the employees. She supposed him to be the janitor.—Chicago Record.

A Smart Youth.

A bright youth undergoing examination for admission to one of the government departments found himself confronted with the question:

"What is the distance from the earth to the sun?"

Not knowing the exact number of miles, he wrote in reply:

"I am unable to state accurately, but I don't believe the sun is near enough to interfere with the proper performance of my duties if I get this clerkship."

He passed his examination.—London Tit-Bits.

"Blind Tom," the 'idiot pianist, remembered nearly 4,000 compositions.